

Apocalypse 361

Chapter 361 Clean Up

The team chosen to accompany Kisha and Duke for clearing the first building was selected through a fair competition of rock, paper, scissors. Once the selection was complete, Kisha and Duke led them to a five-story building that resembled an office complex.

The first floor featured an elegant lobby adorned with ornamental plants and stylish chairs, suggesting it might have been a financial brokerage hub. Large screens were mounted in nearly every corner of the lobby, adding to its sophisticated ambiance.

The building was spacious enough to be converted into a residential area. Kisha and Duke exchanged a determined glance before stepping inside. The ten team members following them adopted a cautious, defensive stance as they entered through the main entrance.

Inside, they encountered over two dozen zombies still clad in suits and formal attire. However, the once-dignified clothing was barely recognizable, obscured by hardened blood and the decaying flesh clinging to the fabric.

Some of the people accompanying Kisha and Duke crinkled their noses in disgust as the zombies staggered toward them, pushing through obstacles like chairs and plants.

This time, Kisha and Duke chose not to intervene directly. Instead, they allowed the ten individuals to work in pairs—each consisting of one superhuman and one regular human—to handle the zombies.

With this arrangement, each pair could work seamlessly, covering each other's weaknesses while leveraging their strengths. It allowed the superhumans to see that their abilities weren't invincible and

helped the normal humans demonstrate that they weren't powerless. This balance fostered a more effective and cohesive team dynamic.

This approach made it clear to the superhumans that while they had extraordinary capabilities, they also bore greater responsibility and couldn't control everything. At the same time, it showed the normal humans that, despite lacking awakened abilities, they were equally valuable and crucial to the team's success.

Kisha and Duke moved through the lobby with deliberate calm, allowing the ten to navigate their way through the horde. Whenever a zombie managed to slip past the group and approach Kisha or Duke, it was swiftly dealt with—Kisha's flying dagger would slice through the air, decapitating the threat in an instant.

Kisha had the team moving cautiously yet efficiently, guiding them through door after door, clearing each room without pause. The air was thick with tension, but none of the group showed signs of exhaustion.

Thanks to Kisha's passive skill to restore their stamina, the team remained energized, though none of them realized it. They attributed their resilience to the adrenaline rush coursing through their veins, spurred on by the presence of both Kisha and Duke.

Each of them was determined to impress, thinking their drive to catch the attention of the two leaders was the reason they weren't feeling tired—even after battling through four dozen zombies from the first to the third floor over the past hour.

Unbeknownst to them, it was Kisha's subtle influence that kept fatigue at bay, allowing the group to maintain their sharpness and focus. With each encounter, the team grew more synchronized, their movements more fluid, as they worked seamlessly to eliminate threats.

The zombies fell one after another, but the team pressed on, unaware of the invisible hand guiding and sustaining them.

While Kisha, Duke, and their team were focused on clearing the building of its threats, Vulture and the other warriors were hard at work outside. Zombies continued to pour in from every direction, forcing the warriors to deal with the relentless waves while simultaneously pulling vehicles into position for the barricade surrounding the building.

Despite the constant attacks, their efforts were relentless. Half of the warriors were engaged in direct combat, ensuring the horde didn't overwhelm their position, while the other half toiled to move vehicles into place.

Progress was steady; they had already completed over a kilometer of the barricade for the base's expansion. Once finished, this perimeter would serve as a guide for constructing the new wall.

The plan was simple but effective: follow the barricade's layout and secure the surrounding area, using cargo trailers to fortify the defenses in front of the cars. This way, when the time came to erect the more permanent walls, they wouldn't have to start from scratch—they'd already have a secure line to build upon.

The foresight behind this plan ensured that not only were they expanding, but they were doing so with efficiency and calculated precision, minimizing the exposure to threats while maximizing the security of their growing community.

Kisha and Duke deliberately held back, letting the ten warriors handle the building's threats on their own unless a situation became dire. They believed in fostering the team's growth through real challenges. Only when the danger became truly unavoidable would they step in.

One of those moments came when one of the superhuman warriors was bitten in the arm while shielding his human partner from a zombie's attack. He used his arm as a shield to block the incoming bite, sacrificing himself to protect his partner.

His partner, a normal human, stood frozen, horrified at the sight of the gaping wound on the man's arm. The tears welled in his eyes, and for a moment, he thought his partner was as good as dead—another life lost to the relentless onslaught of the undead. Panic spread through the group, but Kisha remained calm, assessing the situation.

Seeing the severity of the bite, Kisha finally stepped in. Her presence was commanding, and without a word, she swiftly moved to clean up the threat. Within moments, the zombies that had overwhelmed the pair were neutralized, her movements efficient and precise.

She then attended to the wounded warrior, her demeanor calm and controlled. Her intervention was decisive, but it was a reminder to the group: while they were expected to fight their battles, they weren't abandoned. If they fell, Kisha and Duke would always be there to catch them.

"Don't worry," Kisha reassured them, her voice steady and calming. "He's an awakened ability user. The virus won't affect him—this wound will heal like any other." She gestured to the rest of the team.

"Let's finish up and head back. The medical staff is waiting just beyond the gate to take care of him." Her calm command refocused the group, easing their panic as they pressed forward, determined to complete the mission and get their injured comrade to safety.

The man who had been bitten felt a wave of relief wash over him after hearing Kisha's reassurance. Though he'd heard before that awakened ability users were immune to the virus, the fear still gnawed at him when the zombie's teeth sank into his arm.

In the heat of the moment, he hadn't considered the consequences. Instinct had taken over, and without thinking, he'd thrown himself between his partner and the zombie, saving him from a fatal bite to the neck. His body had moved faster than his mind.

Perhaps, deep down, he knew he wouldn't die from a zombie bite. But as the adrenaline faded and he had a moment to think, a cold sweat ran down his back. The certainty he'd clung to wavered—what if the claim wasn't entirely true? What if he had just signed his own death warrant without a second thought?